

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

A Song

With Piano Accompaniment

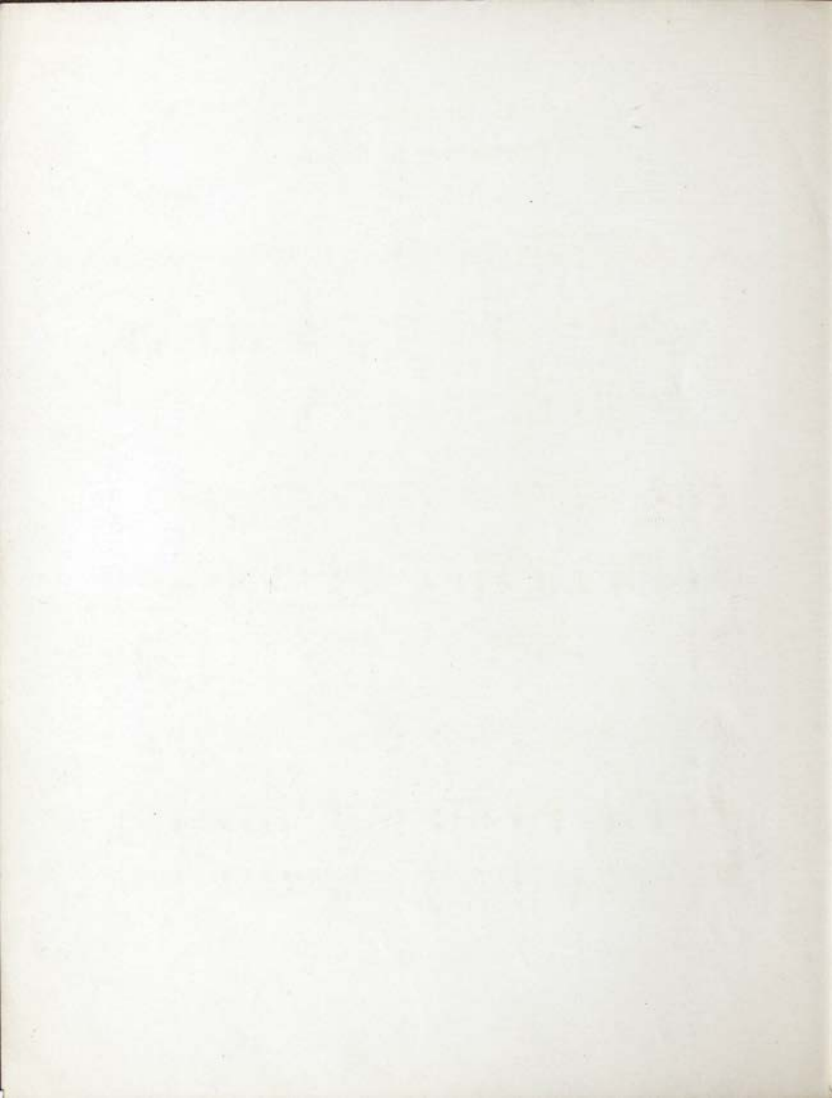
Words by
JAMES P. SINNOTT

Music by
MAY HARTMANN



PRICE, 60 CENTS

G. SCHIRMER
NEW YORK  BOSTON



Somewhere in France

Words by
James P. SinnottMusic by
May Hartmann

Andante maestoso

Voice

Piano

ff solenne *dim.*

p

Some-where in France the li-lacs still are bloom-ing;

p

Some-where in France the big guns are

f

boom - ing; Some-where the sky-larks are sing-ing o-ver head;

rit. e dim. Some-where are sleep-ing a mil-lion of dead: *ff a tempo* Some - where in

France the li-lacs still are bloom - ing.

f *dim.*

Some-where in France the wound-ed are ly - ing;—

f *dim.*

p

Some-where in France sound the moans of the dy - ing,

p

Some-where the moth-ers of men mourn to - night,

mf

f *cresc.* *accel.*

Some-where they pray for their boys in the fight: _____

f *accel. e cresc.*

f *a tempo* *molto rit.*

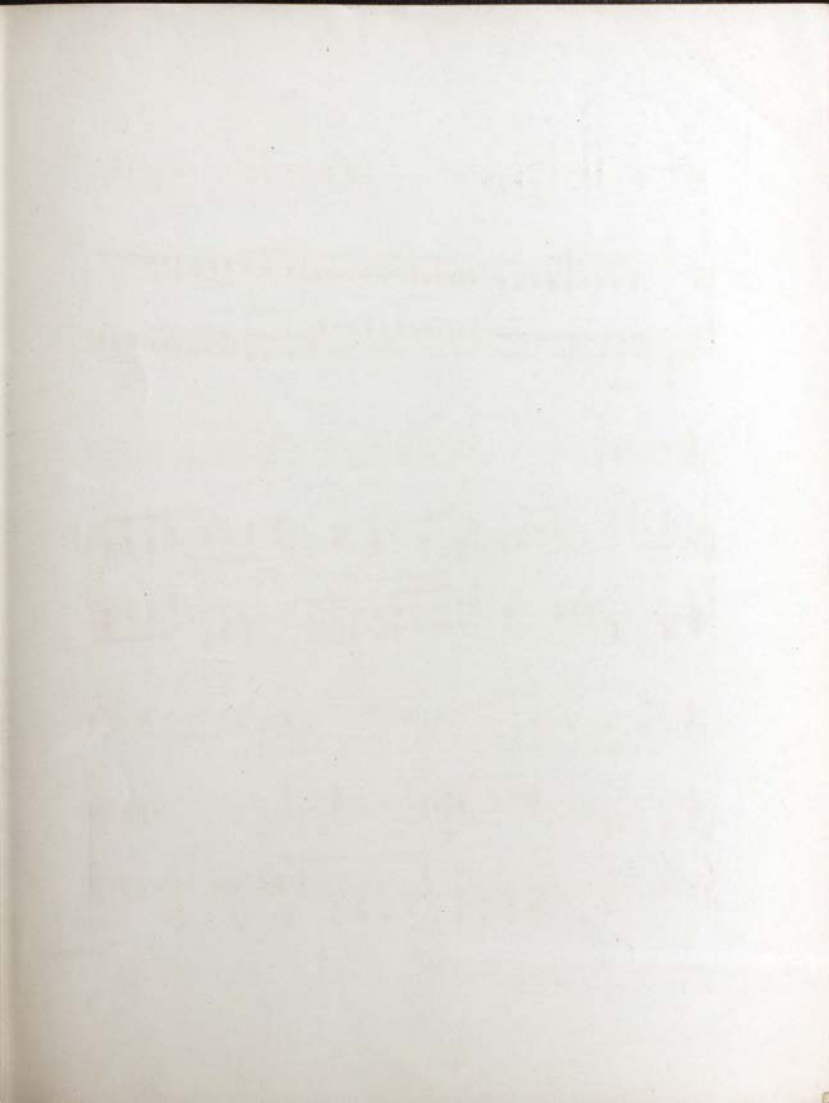
Some - where in France, _____

presto *a tempo* *f* *ff molto rit.*

mf *a tempo* *rit.*

some-where in France. _____

mf *ff* *rit.* *pp* *r. h.*



WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME

The Song of All Nations

*Words by the late JOHN HAY, private secretary to President LINCOLN and Secretary of State during the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations.

Music by OLEY SPEAKS

Composer of
"TO YOU"

With Martial Spirit



Slower, with feeling.



HIGH IN B \flat

MEDIUM IN G

There's a happy time coming when the boys come home;
There's a glorious day coming when the boys come home;
We will end the dreadful story
Of the battle dark and gory
In a sunburst of glory,
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter when the boys come home,
And our hearts will be lighter when the boys come home;
Wives and sweethearts will press them
In their arms and caress them,
And pray God to bless them,
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them when the boys come home,
To bless them and to greet them when the boys come home;
And the fame of their endeavor
Time and change shall not disprove
From the nation's heart for ever,
When the boys come home.

The thin ranks will be proudest when the boys come home,
And our cheer will ring the loudest when the boys come home,
The full ranks will be shattered,
And the bright arms will be battered,
And the battle-standards tattered,
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty when the boys come home,
And their uniforms be dusty when the boys come home;
But all shall see the traces
Of the battle's royal graces
In the brown and bearded faces,
When the boys come home;

JOHN HAY.

3 East 43d Street

G. SCHIRMER

New York